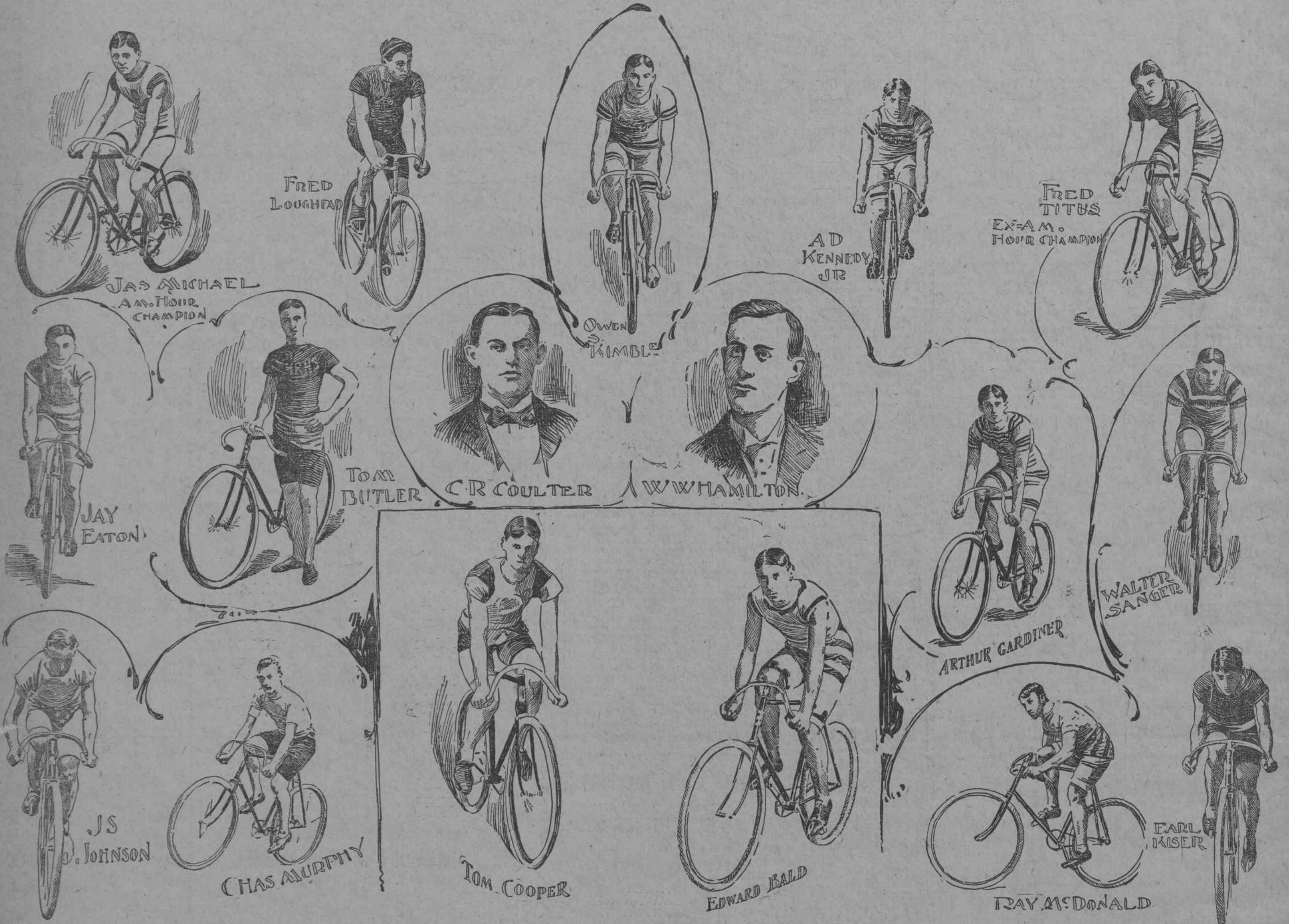


CYCLE RACING CRACKS OF THE COMING SEASON.

By A. G. Batchelder, Official Handicapper, New York State Division, L. A. W.



MANX things may happen before the seasonal cycle races expand operations for the season of 1907, but it looks very much as though the championship crown would again be contested for with Edward C. Bald and Thomas Cooper figuring in the star roles. It was a neck and neck finish last year, and the friends of each rider claimed the honors of the year for their favorite. While Bald had several points the better of Cooper in the percentage table, the Detroit boy won the more important races, including the national championships, and finished first in the fifth, but was disqualified for objectionable tactics. Cooper also captured the big record race at Springfield, and his all-around showing was several degrees better than that of Bald. Still the two completed the campaign so close together that the question of an-

It will be a most determined battle between them, and according to the latest reports from riders and in better condition thus early than they have ever been. Bald is buckling down to his work in a manner that indicates that he is well aware of how tough a proposition Cooper is certain to be, and the latter has done his work with the knowledge gained by experience that the Bison belongs to the class of riders who are never beaten—the sort of rider who may be second one day, but is more determined than ever to be first the next. From present indications it doesn't appear as though there would be any series between Bald and Cooper until the season is well under way, and perhaps it is just as well that such is to be the case, for the events will

keep until the national meet, if necessary, would be to have it out in the national championships.

Tom Butler and Arthur Gardiner. Tom Butler and Arthur Gardiner completed the quartet which wound up the season in advance of all the others. Butler's career was one of the surprises, and the manner in which the Boston midget romped away from the other in many a race caused him to be considered one of the trucks. Tommy, however, did not have the stamina and endurance to undergo a long and arduous campaign, and in the fourth-day meets he began to display symptoms of staleness, which ought to have deterred him from the unsuccessful French "Brother Nat," early in the Winter. Tommy has a finishing spirit that will again carry him to the top, but he will have to be as he will have to save himself as much as possible if he desires to remain in the first flight.

Arthur Gardiner possesses any amount of

spiced by the trouble with the flax-haired Chicago youngster. Is that he loses heart at the critical moment, and drops back a beaten man when a little more pressure is put on him?

Walter Sanger was not much in '36, and his performances of a startling nature were few. He was a rather poor performer in his story being won at Louisville from scratch in the two-mile handicap that aroused more interest than any of his other races. His friendships, hard luck seemed to follow the big fellow, and his misfortunes were many and varied. In a match at Watertown, N. Y., he was defeated by a fellow named "Red" turned on him by the same rider in Milwaukee later in the season. Of course, the fellow was a cheat, but the fellow was not to be regarded as a very dangerous dispiritant for top notch horses.

It was in the fall of '37 that he was in the wind-up, but preceding it had been a European effort, in which he gained few honors. In the fall of '37 he was the first in the men of the Quill Club, Johnson would have finished the day a winner had not the storm intervened.

Johnson would be the final defeat of that much-

adduced it nevertheless great race. The attack of typhoid fever that came near snuffing out the life of the popular little horse, and the fact that he had had hard training, and it looks very much as though he would not be a factor in the coming season, are the only reasons for the guidance of Tom Eck, who has been his mentor since his debut, remains to be seen.

The sturdy youngster who hails from Dayton, Ohio, will be the Ecklan star this season, and the white-haired trainer has set the ball rolling by making him a hard worker. As far as possible, but not probable, Bald-Cooper match. Of all the Americans who crossed the ocean during the war, few were as widely creditable, and on his return to this country he gained considerable notoriety by his exploits as a horseman. In the opinion of those who came about through his counseling in catching Sangster's rear wheel in the final sprint of the Kentucky Derby, the composition of a champion is included in Kiser's make up. It is the only way to get the horse to depend upon the success of his rider depends his

own reputation. "Charlie Murphy, the Brooklyn veteran, was another one of those who had been in the European gold, and after his return he did nothing of particular note, and fell many points short of the speed of the other boys. He had to do his work at Manhattan Beach, but has yet to display the speed that will be necessary to make good in the fast going that is certain to characterize this year's racing."

Ray Macdonald, the Staten Island boy, who was the first to be taken out of the race, was reported as hankering to have another try with the foreigners, and he is studiously ignoring the fact that he is a foreigner. If he can educate himself up to the sprint that made him a winner in 1895 he will be sure to make good. He will start on Monday in June en route for the other side. Last year a mile open at Indianapolis was about the only thing that Ray succeeded in accomplishing.

Prominent in the list of those who are more regarded as likely quotties is Jay Canard, the Jersey boy. He is a very fast runner, but does not doubt his right to the title of "Indoor King." "Zimzy" McFarland, the

Californians, who in a way resembles the celebrated "Grinder," recently negotiated a contract for a series of exhibitions to be held in 1909, and he is highly considered by those who pretend to understand the ability of a circus manager. He is a native of New York, who is now matched for a series with Bald, is well thought of, and Fred Loughead, the Canadian, who is also a well known circus man, capable of fashion. A. D. Kennedy, a product of Chicago; L. A. Cahanah, who comes from Buffalo; and J. J. O'Connell, of Springfield, Mass., compose a trio of riders who often arouse hopes during the season, but only to disappoint by leaving the ring about the time he becomes a scratched man in a handicap. Al Weing, the Big Bison, and Charlie Wells, who is a well known rider, are others who often fail to do what is predicted of them.

L. D. Cabanne, who ran Bald so closely in the Spring of 1908, was recently discarded by the circus, and was dismissed St. Louis scandal in the Fall of the same year, re-entered competition at Springfield, where he was again discarded. The same company had become too fast for comfort. Business duties will keep Cabanne out of the game this year.

THE SIDEPATH MANIA.

Cyclists Can't Be Kept from Riding on
the Well-Beaten Paths Along
the Country Roads.

If cycling is a mania there is also a mania within a mania. No sooner does one become fairly skilful in riding the wheel than he is beset with the desire to ride on the sidepaths that he can find. Ninety per cent of all bicycle riders will tell you that they prefer sidepaths to macadam roads, when the sidepaths are smooth.

When the weather has been favorable for a period of some duration the side-path is pretty sure to be good on the surface no matter how narrow it may be. While riding over it the cyclist feels a certain elasticity and springiness that is not perceived when against the level pavement of a wide, smooth, or better built-up district path tramped by pedestrians, or rolled smooth by the passage of bicycles, causes about as near being ideal riding as anything that can be imagined.

The other charm of sidepath riding is in its novelty. It takes a good eye, and often the most skillful steering to navigate a sidepath successfully. Deep depressions are met suddenly, where the last rain was gully in the roadway, and the cyclist must jump and kick back pedal on a sudden turning. Often the road is treacherous on one side and a fence on the other, with just the narrowest space for the rider to squeeze through. Then is when the cyclist likes to show his skill.

There are points of trees to be avoided, winding gates that are apt to be opened at the most disadvantageous moment by the wind, blind ditches that have wrecked any a front fork, and narrow strips of land over some miniature ravine where

The riders coming from the other direction are a source of some concern. How confident cyclists approach each other, and with what kind of feeling, is a question that they proceed if they manage to pass on a particularly narrow isthmus between ditch and fence!

The best sidepath riding in this vicinity is on the road from Pearsall's to Ray Lockaway, and on the Morrell road after leaving Babylon. From Oakdale to the Morrell road, riding in and out among huge trees, and in some places there is barely room to swing around one monarch of the forest and avoid the next.

The sidepath riding isn't as alluring as the road riding as it used to be, for the very good reason that the New Jersey people have made all their country roads after modern ideas, and the sidepath has been lost. In the past, however, cyclists will not be disposed to growl much about that.

SHORT AND VARIED.

New York cyclists and Brooklyn cyclists who would like to make a circuit of that ancient New York embraced in the eastern part of Brooklyn, Jamaica and Flushing, finishing at Ninety-ninth street in New York, will find the following route quite pleasant for a Sunday or week day trip. It is not particularly long, the roads are good quite all the way, and it embraces some ferry riding, as well as some bicycle riding.

Start, say, from Twenty-third Street and cross New York Cross to Broadway in Brooklyn. After leaving Broadway, the boat ride up Kent avenue to South Ninth street, turn there and go to Bedford avenue. The trip up Bedford avenue is the same as that outlined in the short trip in the "New York Journal." When you have arrived at the top of the Bedford avenue incline, instead of turning to the right as in the "New York Journal," turn left, as the money island, turn left, proceed along

Eastern Parkway to Stone avenue. There turn left one block to Glenmore avenue. Follow it straight to the city line and continue on Broadway, a splendidly macadamized in Jamaica turn left to the principal street of the town.

The principal Hotel in Jamaica, the road begins to Flushing. It bears to the left as it leaves the village and ascends rather a steep hill. On the way to Flushing the road is a fine drive, with many opportunities to coast. Keep the bicycle well in control, however, for this road is thick with mud and good wheels will be maintained for other vehicles. The road is in splendid condition and leads directly to Flushing.

At Flushing desire to make the short ride about Flushing, he would be well repaid, for it is a beautiful town, whose streets are adorned by many large and elegant houses.

The road from Flushing to College Point leads out of the centre of the former village, and is a fine drive, with many opportunities so much patronized by New Yorkers. There was a time when this road was in miserable condition and there were numerous accidents to bicyclists, and to the bicycle and the rider out of sight. The authorities of Queens County, however, assisted in others well interested in the road, to have the road and it is now in the best of condition. Turn to the right when College Point is reached and a fine drive to the ferry, or on to the street leading down to the ferry.

The sail across East River at this point is interesting and delightful. The river is a fine body of water, and the sail is a simple cat to the magnificent floating pinnaces that navigate the Sound. A half hour's ride brings the bicyclist to Ninety-third street, New York.

It isn't such a very pleasant ride from the ferryhouse to the better streets of the city, but it is a fine drive, with many opportunities through to Fifth avenue, which is paved with asphalt. Then, if the rider lives in Brooklyn, he should go down the avenue to the city line, and then on to the city line into the park and continuing along the east drive to the Fifty-ninth street entrance. Turn to the right and follow the road to Madison avenue. Then ride straight south to Twenty-sixth street, at which point turn left to 1st avenue, which is a fine drive, with many opportunities to coast. Turn right to get to Twenty-third street ferry.

FORGOT COMBINATION.

Tommy Titherington's Hard Luck with His
Brand New Bicycle
Lock.

Tommy Titherington has a brand new wheel. It is colored almost as brilliantly as a barber pole.

Tommy rode out to Claremont the other day and drank a bottle of ginger ale with a little lemon peel on the side. It was a nice private tippie, all Tommy's own invention. He drank freely and often, for he was young and warm.

The day before Tommy Titherington had purchased a patent combination lock for his bicycle. He did not need it at Claremont, but he thought it would be a good opportunity to try it, so he fastened the lock to his wheel.

By and by, after Tommy Titherington had partaken copiously of ginger ale, spiced with lemon peel, he decided that it was time to go home. He stopped at the keeper of a bicycle repair and presiding brass.

"You've got a lock on this wheel," said the custodian.

"I know it," replied Tommy Titherington, "and it's a deuced clever lock, too, donch' know."

Tommy stooped down to unfasten it.

"Aw," said he, "it's a turn to the right, a turn to the left; no, deuce take it, it's two turns to the right, and a turn—pshaw, let me see."

"Believe in them locks, nohow," said the dispenser of brasses.

"Deuced fine, my dear man, deuced fine," said Tommy. "No one can possibly—aw—deprive you of your wheel, donch' know. Two turns to the left, one turn to the right, stop at a No, dem'me, that's what it donch' know."

"Forgotten the combination, sir," ventured the custodian, rather consolingly.

"Oh, dare you sir, how dare you?" said Tommy Titherington. "Ah, I have it."

two turns to the east—ridiculous, perfectly ridiculous, thinking of Forrest Jones' launch, so I was 'pon honor—

"Can I help you, sir?"

"Hush, my good man, hush. Caww, you're an unrepentant donch-know, but where the deuce does it turn? It's so very uncomfortable, donch-know, stooping here."

Then Tommy Titherington ordered more ginger ale. When he had refreshed himself with a reformed and reformed reformation was as elusive as ever. "Demition take the wheels!" exclaimed Tommy Titherington.

"Demition take everything and everybody. Call an expressman and don't stand there grinning, my good fellow. Have the wheels changed."

Barck Tommy Titherington strode with theatrical strides to the dispensary of ginger ale and returned with a new set of thoughts the remainder of the afternoon, and when the sun was sinking over the hills, he had a new set of thoughts. He sang sweetly in the trees a lone couple stole silently forth from Claremont. The night wind blew strange, strange, strange—

"Zowee, zowee, zowee!"

"Right, stoppin' at let'er X. D'you say two let's stop? That don't do, it's two stop, stop, stop, what's it? It's two stop? Soda I."

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